

"PUNCH'S" APOLOGY

"Britannia Sympathizes With Columbia."

NOTE.—No one is to be envied who has made a joke of something which he afterward finds to be tragic. During the Civil war in America the English comic paper, Punch, at first regarded North and South alike as vastly amusing, and promptly turned the heart-breaking struggle into a joke. As the war went on, Punch gradually leaned more to the belief that the North was pursuing a course of downright criminality in attempting to force the South to remain in the Union, and it held up the Northern leaders to scorn and hatred as being both foolish and wicked. Week after week cartoons of Lincoln appeared which made him out a bully, a boor, a hypocrite and a cruel trickster. All this seemed plausible enough to the readers of Punch, who could not imagine that a man of Lincoin's humble origin and uncouth appearance could be both gentleman and statesman. But there came a day when the editors, rimesters and caricaturists, as they gathered for the weekly Punch dinner, had a new vision of the American president. Word had come of the shooting in Ford's theater, in Washington, and the heart of the British nation was touched with sympathy. The staff of Punch saw at last what manner of man he was whom they had been abusing. With admirable moral courage the editor, Mark Lemon, took instant action to make such amends as were possible. To the aston-ishment of the world appeared Tenniel's cartoon, "Britannia sympathizes with Columbia," and the famous verses now proved beyond a doubt to have been written by Tom Taylor. To the older generation of Americans they are well known. To the present generation they and the facts which called them into being are less familiar; and since they constitute not only one of the noblest apologies ever made, but also one of the most touching of all the tributes to Lincoln's memory, the verses are here reprinted.—Tenniel's cartoon represented Brittany laying a wreath on Lincoln's bier.

wont to trace.

Broad for the self-complacent
British succe,
His length of shambling limb,
his furrowed face,

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair, His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease, His lack of all we prize as debon-

of power or will to shine, of art to please;

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh, Judging each step, as though the way were plain; Reckless, so it could point its paragraph, Of chief's perplexity, or peo-ple's pain;

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
The stars and stripes be lived
to rear anew.
Between the mourners at his head

and feet. Say, scurrile jester, is there room for you?

Yes; he had liv'd to shame me from my sucer, To lame my pencil, and confute

my pen,
To make me own this hind of princes peer.
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learn'd to rue.
Noting how to occasion's height
he rose;
How his quaint wit made hometruth seem more true; How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows;

How humble, yet how hopeful he How in good fortune and in ill

Nor bitter in success, nor boastful Thirsty for gold, nor feverish

He work about his work --- such work as few
Ever had laid on head and
and heart and hand.—
As one who knows, where there's
a task to do,
Man's houest will must Heav-

en's good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow. That God makes instruments to

work his will.

If but that will we can arrive to Nor tamper with the weights of

So he went forth to battle, on the That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,

You, who with mocking pencil As in his peasant boyhood he had His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting mights,—

> The unclear'd forest, the unbroken soil,
>
> The iron bark that turns the lumberer's axe.
>
> The rapid that o'crbears the boatman's toil,
>
> The prairie hiding the maz'd wanderer's tracks.

The ambush'd Indian, and the The ambush'd Indian, and the prowling bear,—
Such were the deeds that help'd his youth to train:
Rough culture, but such trees large fruit may bear,
If but their stocks be of right girth and grain.
So he grew up, a destin'd work to do.

And liv'd to do it; four long-

suffering years'
Ill fate, ill feeling, "I report, liv'd through, And then he heard the hisses change to cheers, The taunts to tribute, the abuse to

praise, And took both with the same

Till, as he came on light from darkling days, And seem'd to touch the goal from where he stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him. Reach'd from behind his back, a trigger prest—
And those perplex'd and patient eyes were dim,

Those gaunt, long-laboring limbs were laid to rest. The words of mercy were upon

his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on
his pen,
When this vile murderer brought
swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth,
good will to men.

The Old World and the New, from Utter one voice of sympathy and

Sore heart, so stopped when it at last beat high! Sad life, cut short just as its

A deed accurs'd! Strokes have been struck before By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt

If more of horror or disgrace they

But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out,

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife, Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven And with the martyr's crown crownest a life With much to praise, little to be forgiven.

forgiven.

—By Tom Taylor.

NOTES

The Sicilian players from Europa, who are touring the United States this winter in a repertory of Italian plays, have just presented for the first time on the American stage D'Annunzio's pastoral tragedy "The Daughter of Jorio." D'Annunzio wrote the play for Signora Mimi Aguglia, who presented it in Italy, and who heads the company over here. A translation of the play was published a year or so ago by Little, Brown & Co., and illustrated with portraits and pictures of scenes in the Italian production. This is the only translation published in America, and gives a most perfect comprehension of the power and beauty of this very remarkable dramatic.

"Monna Vanna," Maurice Macterlinck's drama, now converted into
opera, has had a somewhat stormy
history. The new opera which has
just been produced on the other side,
and which Mr. Hammerstein announces will be given at the Manhattan Opera House, was produced despite the legal efforts of the dramathst,
to prevent it. One remembers when
the stage presentation of the play wis
the subject of misunderstanding between Mr. Conried at the Irving Place
Theater and Mr. Fiske. This concerned
the German translation; an English
translation was also made which the
Harpers published as a book a few Harpers published as a book a fe years ago. Nor is it forgotten that M Maeterlinck himself had some dif-culty in having his play produced. It London remor having several time opposed it, many thought absurdly.

The six books which have sold best

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Boars the Chart Whitehis

in the order of demand during the month are: "The Trail of the Lonesome
Pine," Fox, (Scribner), \$1.50,...339
"Peter," Smith, Scribner), \$1.50...249
"Lewis Rand." Johnston,
(Houghton, Miffilm), \$1.50...195
"The Man From Brodney's."
McCutcheon, (Dodd, Mead),
\$1.50

The fame of "Aunt Jane of Ken-tucky," that wholesome, humorous story by Eliza Calvert Hall, which Little, Brown & Co. are continually re-printing, is spreading to other coun-tries than America, Australia being the tries than America, Australia being the latest continent to make the acquaint ance of that picturesque character. Two copies of the book are now liprint for the blind, one in the Albans state fibrary and the other in the New York City library. These two are best volumes of English braille, while the copy being made for the Providence, R. I., library, in America braille, will require bine volumes.

In a recent article in the Outlook, "With Eden Philipotts on Dartmen," Miss Mary Ogden White says: "Dartmoor people will tell you that or all writers about the Meor country Mr. Philipotts is the only one who has understood them. He only has translated their broad Devon without exaggeration and has interpreted their philosophy and quaint wisdom like a comrade. Their love for him is as widens the Moor, and their pride in him is so personal as to become almost a jealousy."

ti will be strange if the new Philipotts novel, "The Three Brothers," loses not strengthen the author's hold selh on those of whom he writes and have for whom he writes. It is perparent to the most human, the most "symmethetic," of all his Dartmoor stories. Mr. Philipotts is so close to the hearts of these people that what he writes of hem has none of the effect of fection: It is life at first-hand. The story is as oig, as inclusive, as simple as the lives of the people who actually exist in the mook are of the utmost shaplietty: of plot, in the artificial sense there is almost none, though this does not

LEAVES FROM OLD ALBUMS



FIVE DAUGHTERS OF THE LATE ERASTUS SNOW.

This interesting picture shows five well known ladies of today as they looked some years ago when the photograph was taken. They are all daughters of the late Apostle Erastus Snow. The subjects are, standing reading left to right: Mrs. Keate, Mrs. Tanner and Mrs. Thatcher; sliting, Mrs. A. Ivins and Mrs. E. D. Wooley.

In one respect this book is a depar-ure from even the best of its prede-essors. In spite of its tragic incidents, Durtmoor stories. There is a robust optimisem in these pages that seems to indicate a maturer outlook and makes the book more impressive as a representation of life than anything else Mr. Philipotts has done.

sphere of American influence in our

And yet they say Chinamen have no sense of humor. * * *

Katherine Jewell Everts, author and player too, who wrote for the Harpers The Speaking Voice, has been named by Life as one who might read a lesson to those stage folk who are on the theatergoer's blacklist for mispronouncing, using their local dialects, and failing to get right meaning into words. "These vocal sinners." insists the stage critis. "should read Miss Evert book, not because it is a highly scientific work, but because its very lack of technical terms makes it agreeable reading, and because the author's enthusiasm is likely to inspire a similar feeling in the reader. Life finds The Speaking Voice a strong and intelligent ally in the war against the Pittsburg 't' on the American stage."

William Dean Howells, whose favorite critical pursuit is the discovery of American literary centers, might well consider Louisville where, as shown in a recent special article in the Cincinnati Enquirer, verses are being written by Madison Cawein, styled by Edmund Gosse as the "one hermit thrush in the world of poetry who sings from Louisville, Kentucky;" Charles Hamilton Musgrove, satirist and fellow-member with John D. Rockerfeller; and George Ada in the American Preess Humorist' Association; Charles T. Rogers, magazine paet; S. J. Duncan-Clark; Charles T. Moore; Lucien V. Rule; Young V. Allison, widely known for his completion of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Fifteen Men on a Dead Man's Chest;" Charles Dobbs; Daniel O'Sullivan; Cale Young Rice, husband of the author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and several others. Hardly any of this school makes a living from writing verse, except possibly Mr. Cawein, whose works have lately been collected into a magnificent five volume limited edition deluxe and published by the Beston house of Small, Maynard & company. This well-known poet has for several years been in receipt of enough checks from prominent magazines easily to support the ordinary literary Bohemian, A statement to the effect that he is a successful braker in Louisville has greatly amused Mr. Cawein. William Dean Howells, whose fa-

Sir Gilbert Parker, M. P., whose

If your stomach is too weak to digest your food, you cannot wonder at your sickly and rundown condition. Strengthen it at once by the use of the un-

STOMACH BITTER

mean that the tale lacks movement and color and incident. It is simply the history of the lives of three brothtary bill to abolish the Lord Chamber. Inin's power in England to censor plays. The new movement apparently would transfer the powers now held by the Lord Chamberlain to the London County Council, which already controls the censorship of the music halls, a consequence being that the playwright can sometimes secure hearing in the halls when the theaters are refused him. Authors and managers are not wholly in accord on this question. One of the writers who take their stand with Sir Glibert is T. P. O'Connor, of the famous "T. P.'s" Weekly; another is A. E. W. Madson.

BOOKS

The Macmillan company announce Three Brothers:" Mr. Fielding Hall, who calls his first novel "One Immortality;" and Mr. Algernon Blackwood an Englishman who wrote a remarkable story called "John Silence," and now follows it with one which promises to be equally worth reading, "Jimbo,"

"The Spell," by William David Orcutt, is a novel of modern young married life, has a brilliant Italian setting, and in its story there is the eternal charm of youth and faith. For here is a young wife who struggles against the passionate fear that her busband is happier in the companionship of another woman—and who loves and protects the other woman! A handsome young dreamer is the husband, a sudent of the old-world classics, wrapped up in his scholar's passion for the past, adoring his beautiful "society-girl" wife, but finding a mysterious, sweet comlove for the dusty books for which his wife has no care or understanding. As these two work together in an old library, the pretty wife makes up her mind that her husband prefers her friend. And when you read the story you learn whether or not this is true. But you must go far on the way of fiction before finding two such women as these—the wife sympathizing with the other woman refusing to betray her—both suffering, both silent, both smiling to the world—gellant soldiers, both. The wife's frank offer to her husband to give him up brings on a religing to give him up brings on a climax which sets "The Spell" altogether apart from most novels of married life. In this pretty villa are other folk, bright and charming: a humorous mid-dle-aged man of the world, who has a

die-aged man of the world, who has a per philosophy of digestion; a former lover, who stands ready to relieve the wife's married loneliness; a mysterical old Hallan master of the library; a vivacious and worldly American countess. Because "The Spell" is a story of love today, and has an ideal heroine, it will capture the average reader; but it will also win the reader who is above the average, for it is written with intellectual force and fine artistic feeling.

MAGAZINES

iteran Rice's new novel the queer, brave little med in the midst of a undervous love affair and cayely to prove bloosels of under very imperfect

to my notion, or underwell-what you might
lary figures, a fight, he
of course there's some
mains around in camp,
it and afraid to desert,
indulging in conversation,
ay, about the rest of the
there is the cowards and
it a decent sort of a light

and principal thing he's got to do to follow them. What the fight is cor

Among all the "fentures" by which various publications mark the centenary of Lincoln's birth, there is nothing more noteworthy, nothing that will touch the hearts of the American propie more deeply, than the remarkable poem on the coming of the news of Lincoln's death which a veteran of the Civil war has contributed to the Washington and Lincoln Day Number of The Youth's Companion.

The same number of the Youth's Companion contain Il portraits of Lincoln. Some depicting him in the period of the Lincoln-Douglas debates; others at various times during the Civil war. One reproduces the life mask, made in 1889. These, with some well chosen Lincoln ancedotos, makes it an issue of extraordinary importance and Enterest to the generation that has come up since Lincoln died.

s around with him, and the chief principal thing he's get to do is flow them. What the fight is contage, or in what manner the general aiming to bring it all correct in med, ain't, according to my cannel, and the contage, whatever it was—that is never recognize defeat, that ty that wins out of a life of losting that wins out of a life of losting ail the "features" by which as publications mark the centent lancaln's birth, there is nothing noteworthy, nothing that will the hearts of the American powere deeply, than the remarkable on the coming of the news of lin's death which a vesteran of the lody weights about one one-thous sandth part of the body, so that if you weight 150 pounds, you ere don't he body, so that if you weight 150 pounds, you ere don't he body, so that if you weight 150 pounds, you ere don't he body, so that if you weight 150 pounds, you ere don't he body, so that if you weight 150 pounds, you ere don't he body, so that if you weight 150 pounds, you ere don't he body, so that if you weight 150 pounds, you ere don't he body, so that if you weight 150 pounds, you ere don't he body, so that if you weight 150 pounds, you ere don't he body, so that if you weight 150 pounds, you ere don't hat if you weight 150 pounds, you ere don't he body, so that if you weight 150 pounds, you ere don't he body, so that if you weight 150 pounds, you ere don't he body, so that if you weight 150 pounds, you ere don't he body in the heart if you weight 150 pounds, you ere don't he body in the heart if you weight 150 pounds, you ere don't he body in the heart if you weight 150 pounds, you ere don't he body in the heart if you each 150 pounds, you ere don't he body in the heart if you enter if you weigh 150 pounds, you ere don't he body in the hea

tonen the hearts of the American people more deeply, than the remarkable poem on the coming of the news of Lincoln's death which a veteran of the Civil war has contributed to the Washington and Lincoln Day Number of The Youth's Companion.

The same number of the Youth's Companion contain 11 portraits of Lincoln. Some depicting him in the period of the Lincoln-Douglas debates: others at various times during the Civil war. One reproduces the life mask, made in 1880. These, with some well chosen Lincoln ancedetes, makes it an issue of extraordinary importance and interest to the generation that has come up since Lincoln died.

When we get thines down to a finer point and figure out a few things that are still hazy, we can all get our souls weighed. This, at least, is the opinion recently expressed in London by Pournier d'Albe, secretary of the Dublin Society of Psychical Research. He says souls are made out of "psychromeres," which hitherto have been scattered all over tour bodies, unite into a "soul body," which henceforth floats about subsisting on sun-rays and paying no board bills. The soul, he says.

Bernard Shaw Advocates "Burying Alive" in Politics

London Literary Letter

ONDON, Feb. 4. - Bernard Shaw has announced his intention o attending the conference of the Labor party to be held at Portsnouth shortly, and behind this, it is mouth shortly, and behind this, it is not difficult to perceive "the great and only" G. B. S., as a political candidate. It has long been more than a rumor-which has never been contradicted—that the author has designs on parliament, and if he gets in Shaw, with the magic latters, "M. P." behind his name will enter upon a literally more "novel" field of activity than bookwriting itself. Many of his opponents are already speaking slightingly of his possibilities in politics, and some have even descended to spelling his name "Pshaw," refusing to take his announcement seriously, but there can be little doubt that he is this time at least, in almost deadly earnest.

In a recent interview on this subject, Shaw said: "The London press have consistently ignored my political speeches, although they readily printed any reference to Shakespeare which, uttered as serious criticism, became transformed somehow into gross and ill-mannered stupidity. Please do not suppose that I complain of this suppression. It is of the greatest possible service to the Fabian society. Thanks to it, our operations are never discovered by the enemy until we have carried them on for 20 years, by which time opposition to us is hopeless."

It might be mentioned, with reference to Mr. Shaw's last remark, that the Fabians pride themselves as being the "intellectual elite" of the socialist movement in England. H. G. Wells was long associated with them, and, now that Wells has resigned, Bernard Shaw is their literary leader. Whatever has been done toward "enlightening the masses" in England through tracts, pamphlets and by propaganda, is claimed by the Fabians to have had its origin with them, though, of course, this statement is challenged by other organizations. If Bernard Shaw gets into Parliament, one of his first tasks will be to Fabianize the House of Commons, which, by the way, is an undertaking which nobody but Shaw would perhaps tackle. His methods of accomplishing this desirable object would be unique, if not peculiar, for Shaw holds strange views on politics. For instance, he recently gave his views on politics in general politics. For instance, ne reconverse his views on politics in general

gave his views on politics in general as follows:

"It is a meloncholy thing that mankind is still so indifferent to politics that it cannot be made to feel strongly on public affairs without the assistance of some siupendous calamity. I think we might take a lesson from Africa in this respect. When an African king wants to be seriously attended to, he burles a large number of people alive under the foundations of his palace, not because he wants to bury people alive, but because nobods will listen to him if he does not. I suggest that if a careful selection of the proper people was made, and there was a large burying alive every three or four years. England would become quite an intelligent country.

"The necessary shock came to us" continued Shaw "with the South African war, after the appalling political and socialist alump of the nihestes. The war was our burying alive, just as the carthquake in San Francisco was a burying alive there, bringing to an end the municipal brigandage which had been placidly tolerated for years."

Of course Mr. Shaw does not figure on the fact that many of his own opponents would welcome, among the advantages of the burial alive scheme, the interment of "G. B. S." himself, and, if his practical politics included the formation of a removal company" such as he suggests, he might, as it were, be "hols! with his own petard," or, at least, buried alive in the hole it would make. However, the fact remains that Shaw is about to "wake things up" in England, and the world

HIGHEST IN HONORS



50 HIGHEST AWARDS IN EUROPE AND-

AMERICA A perfect food, preserves

health, prolongs life WALTER BAKER & CO., Ltd.

DORCHESTER, MASS.

will be expected to take due notic thereof.

POPULAR WITH SMART SET. What books do society folks in London read? is a question in which number of authors are at presendeeply interested. It seems to be more reserved that the reputations of books are often "made around the fashionable dinner table nuts Raymond Blathwayt has recently been investigating this interesting subject by means of an interelew with one of the best informed bookmen in London—namely, Mr. Humphreys, the manager of "Hatchard's"—the famous and historical bookshop in Piccadilly which used to be the resort of Beaconfield and Gladstone in the early days, and still wields a powerful influence over the choice of the west end in the matter of books. SOME FAVORITES.

SOME FAVORITES.

Mr. Humphreys' opinion as to what books are most popular with the English smart set is worth quoting:

"Novelists come first," said he, "hoth with men and women. Hichens, Galsworthy, E. F. Benson, Mary Cholmondeley, Matrice Hewlett, Anthony Hope, Consan Doyle, W. W. Jacobs, Jack London, Lucas Malet, Miss, A. D. Sedgwick, Ellnoy Glynthese are the favorite novelists.

"But then," he continued, "many society people specialize in their reading. Psychic literature nowadays is wonderfully popular—Christian science, spiritualism—and so John Silence' has had a great vogue, as also has F. W. Bains adaptation of Eastern stories, which naturally deal with the spiritual phase of human existence. Arthur Machen's books are very popular. The Creed of Buddha," though anonymous, displayed great merit which immediately attracted the agile and alert mind of modern society. Pfolding Hall's Inward Liebt. agile and alert mind of modern so-clety, Fielding Hall's 'Inward Light' also is popular. You will find that an enormous number of young so-ciety women and girls are keen read-ers of Walter Pater, R. L. Steven-son and George Meredith, the latter of son and George Meredith, the latter of whom is their high priest. They are also keenly alive to Sir Oliver Lodge's excursions into the other world, and Metchnikoff's 'Nature of Man.' As to poetry, Browning and Tennyson have subsided; Swinburne and Rossetti sur-vive, and Lawrence Hope's Eastern ballids are very nomular. son and George Meredith, the latter of HUMOR POPULAR.

"No book of genuino humorous in-terest is ever passed by, Those books of Martin Ross's and Miss Edith Somerville's are always popular, as are also E. V. Lucas' and 'Mr. Don-An American book which is making

An American book which is making somewhat of a "hit" in England just now is "The Red City" by Welr Mitchell. Many critical publications are giving this book most flattering commendations. One of them says: "Not one of the characters in The Red City" is tame or uninteresting, while the wonderful description of the pisgue which ravaged the country, of the chase between two ships, and the mystery of some lost despatches are positively thrilling." Considering that this is an American book, dealing with the city of Penn in the days of Washington, it is quite surprising to find it receiving so hearty a reception in England.

CHARLES OGDENS.

CHARLES OGDENS.

NEW LIBRARY BOOKS.

The following 35 volumes will be idded to the public library Monday norning, Feb. 15, 1909: MISCELLANEOUS, Aprocryphal New Testament. Doughty-Wanderings in Arabis, 2

Dunkerley Hydrautics, Vol. 2. Hubbard -- Woman's Way Through sknown Labrador. onne-From Their Point of Ore An.

Mystical Hymns of Orpheus, Low, W. H.—Chronicle of Frienddars—Capital, 2 Vols, donckan—Philosophy of Nietzsche, Morse—Trade and Administration ha Chinese Empire, trie—Kashmir,

Rilsy-Morning. Rilsy-His Pa's Romance. Swinburne—Age of Shakespeare. Vizetelly—Paris in Peril, 2 Vals.

FICTION. Aix-Adventures of a Nice Young Craddock—Fair Mississippian. Haggard—Yellow God. Pyle—Ruby of Kishmoov. Yiebig—Our Daily Bread.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.
Beard—Things Worth Doing.
Bourbill & Drake—Fatry Tales.
From South Africa.
Cox—Brownie Clown of Brownie Emery-Real Children in Many

Greene-Burnham Breaker, Higginson-Adventures by Land and Mayer—Jumbo and His Fumily. Page—Tommy Trot's Visit to Santa

fairs. Peabody—Book of the faithe Past. Smith—Lattle Ned and Happ)

BETTER THAN SPANKING

Spanking does not cure children of bedwetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Sum-mers, Hox W. Notre Dame, Ind., will

Woman's Breast for Gancer.

Any tumor, lump or sore on the lip, face or anywhere six months is Cancer.

and address, Dr. and Mrs. Dr. Cham-ley & Co., 747 S. Main St., Suite T. Los Angeles, Cal.

Gold Medal HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

Kidney, Bladder, Stomach, Install in the Gold Medal Brand. No other Haarley Old is genuine. Capacies Mean per loss Bottles, Be. Stomach,

For sale at Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept., 112-114 So. Main St., Salt Lake City.



Very Convenient Other Housekeeping, Labor-saving Conveniences, at the Novelty Utility Agency,

Have You \$100.00

Not Earning 6%?

71 South West Temple

issued in amounts from \$100 up to \$5,000, and pay the investor of per cent interest (net. They are a better investment than First Mortgages because they have exactly the same security as a First Mortgage and are additionally secured by our \$250,000.

Salt Lake Security & Trust Co., 32 Up Main Street.



A Reliable Remedy CATARRH Ely's Cream Balm

A guaranteed cure for the Idquor and Tobacco Halsis.

PRICE \$12.50 Schramm's, Where the Cars

Stop, Solo Agency. &&&&&&&&&&&&

GEO. T. BRICE DRUG CO., 209 Main-Kenron Pharmack.